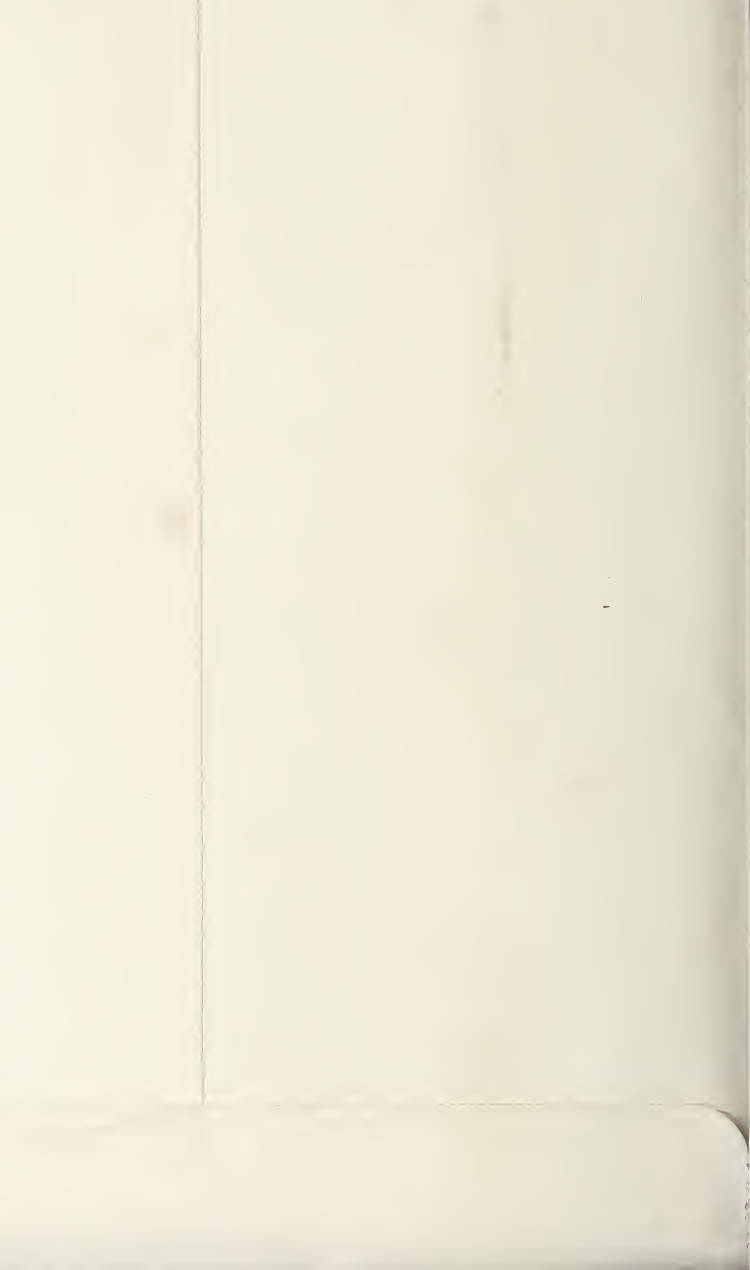


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THE

REV. MR. LORAINÉ'S

FAITH

EXAMINED AND CHANGED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S FUNERAL."

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BOSTON:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

1836.

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REV. MR. LORAINÉ'S  
*see vol. 11. page*  
*713.*

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## REV. MR. LORAINÉ.

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I FELT a strong desire to know Mr. Loraine's religious opinions. I expressed that desire to him, and he condescended to gratify it. He was a man of great ingenuousness and simplicity ; and one evening, when we were in his study, he gave me a history of the trials of his faith, as he had before given me a history of his conversion. He was at first a Calvinist and Trinitarian ; he was now a Unitarian. His account of the manner in which his views of the Trinity, predestination, and some other doctrines, were changed, was so interesting to me, that I resolved to publish it, hoping that it might do something for the cause of truth and holiness.

Till my loss of property and failure of success as a mariner, said Mr. Loraine, I had thought almost nothing about religion. It may

seem strange to you, Sir ; it seems almost incredible to me, when I look back, to think how careless and stupid I had been. I was not wholly destitute of genius, but my genius was employed on other objects. I was not void of curiosity, but I had no curiosity about religion. I seldom read the Bible except as a school-book ; and it is very easy for one to read it thus, from day to day, without receiving any religious light, or serious impressions. I studied the New Testament in Greek, but in doing so, I got no more religion than though I had been studying Herodotus or Homer. I got my lessons so well as to escape censure ; and sometimes, as to gain applause. I learnt Greek fast ; but the events, the doctrines, and the precepts of the gospel passed over my tongue and mind without doing any thing for my heart. So also, while I was in college, I studied moral philosophy, and the evidences of Christianity, and attended lectures on theology ; but I heard as though I heard not. My thoughts were all occupied with things temporal ; my desires and hopes were earthly. I recollect not that I had any fears or anxieties about death or futurity. I hardly knew that I had a soul : certainly my knowledge of it had

no influence on my practice. When I call these things to mind, as I often do, they fill me with shame, humility, and horror. Oh, how many times have I blessed God, that he reduced me from affluence to poverty ; that he disappointed my earthly hopes, and finally brought me to the brink of the grave. Without this severe discipline of Providence, as I then considered it, what should I have been now? Probably I should have been a miserable creature, having no faith nor hope, and living without God in the world.

When I was brought to feel the worth of my soul, and the importance of religion as the means of salvation, I was amazed at my former blindness and folly ; astonished that I had been so negligent about all that was most momentous. Nothing seemed now so true, so rational, and so sublime, as the Christian religion.

Immediately after my conversion, I felt an ardent desire to tell all those who feared God what he had done for my soul, and to become a preacher of the gospel myself, that I might exhort and warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come. I communicated my feelings and wishes to my spiritual guide, and he listened to

them with approbation. It was under his care and direction that I pursued my theological studies till I was licensed to preach. I was furnished with books from his library ; books, which I then read with pleasure, and still regard with a sort of veneration, notwithstanding their wrong notions of divine truth. Many of my evenings and leisure hours were spent in Mr. C.'s study. He was a Calvinist in theory ; but he seldom meddled with speculative questions, either in the desk or in his pastoral visits. His creed was rigid and exclusive ; but himself was candid and liberal. It had no charity in it ; but still he was charitable. Education had made him a theoretical, —but neither nature nor grace had made him a practical Calvinist. In the opinion of the world he did not pass for a great scholar. He had less subtilty than soundness of mind. He had more religion in his heart and life than in his head. Those who knew him respected him, and his parish loved him.

I read Calvin, and Henry, and Boston, and Flavel, and many other authors of the same school. I did not like the spirit of Calvin ; but he seemed to me to be a great man, and to bring from the Scriptures unanswerable

proofs of his peculiar doctrines, awful as they are ; and I gave them my cordial assent and embrace. The church of Dunstan had ever been Orthodox in their creed ; though not bigoted and intolerant ; and here I preached Calvinism with great earnestness, solemnity, and plainness, thinking it but another name for Christianity. My people had been familiar with these doctrines from their childhood, and they received them from my mouth without any unusual signs of either dissatisfaction or pleasure. After a while I became so doubtful of their salutary effect, that I dwelt upon them with less and less frequency. As a congregation they always manifested considerable attention and seriousness, and from time to time there were additions made to my church. I then knew but little about other denominations of Christians ; and being convinced of the soundness of my own faith, I was not inquisitive about that of others. Situated as I then was, there seemed to be but little need of proving the truth of my own opinions, and still less of confuting the errors of other sects. Thus I went on for some time, till an event occurred, which led to an investigation of my faith, and finally produced many important changes in it.

Mr. Hammet and wife were members of my parish, but not of my church. They were good, sober, and thoughtful persons, but there was no evidence of their having experienced religion. I had joined them in marriage, and from that day they showed an attachment to me, and always greeted me with respect and smiles. I had often spoken to them about religion ; and though they listened reverently, yet I drew nothing from them to encourage a hope that they were anxiously seeking it. When they had been married a year, they were made glad by the birth of a daughter. But their joy was suddenly turned into sorrow ; for though the morning sun shone brightly on the infant, its declining rays saw it wrapt in its winding-sheet. It was taken away too soon for them to feel deeply the loss ; and the disappointment was ere long forgotten by the dawning of another hope ; for when another year had come round, Mrs. Hammet was the happy mother of beautiful twins. It was a time of rejoicing to the fond parents, and to me. Not many days elapsed before I went to congratulate them. Mrs. Hammet was sitting in a low rocking-chair, dressed plainly, but neatly, with a cap of snowy whiteness on her head ;



and the babes were asleep in her arms. They were healthy, and finely formed. To me they were a lovely sight. How many times have I gazed upon them, as they lay in their cradle, or on their mother's bosom !

I encouraged parents to bring their young children to meeting ; and when they were six weeks old these two lovely creatures appeared in the sanctuary of God. I am not afraid of being disturbed by children, if those who have the care of them know their duty. It does me good to cast my eyes down into those pews that contain the little innocents, concerning which the Saviour said, " Of such is the kingdom of heaven." I feel more like a Christian shepherd, when these tender lambs are in my sight, with their fond mothers. It helps to draw out my affections to all my flock, and to raise my soul in devout supplications to God. It gives me an opportunity to speak to the hearts of parents, as I could not otherwise.

Before Charles and Caroline were a year old, Mr. and Mrs. Hammet had come to the resolution that they would seek religion. Their minds had been tender ever since the death of their infant. The good seed which I sowed at that time took root, and sprang up, and

grew ; and this season of prosperity did not wither, but nourished it. They told me, with tearful eyes, that God had been merciful to them, and that they felt their obligations to give him their hearts, and to dedicate their dear babes to him. It was with great joy that I heard them utter such feelings and resolutions ; and I hoped the day was not distant, when they would give up themselves and their little ones to God. I now visited them often, that I might instruct and encourage them. Their change was not so marked and striking as I could have wished, but still I indulged the hope in myself, and cherished it in them, that they were born from above.

Mrs. Hammet had an aunt in a neighbouring town, who came and spent several days at her house, while she was anxious and inquiring. This aunt had been a professor for many years, and was very strict in her piety. She was a very earnest and devoted Christian ; but her exhibitions of religion were of rather a gloomy and repulsive character. Mrs. Hammet soon disclosed to her the state of her mind, and informed her that she intended shortly to offer herself for admission into the church. Miss Prouty (she was a maiden lady) listened to



her declarations with much interest. She told her niece that it was a great thing to be a Christian, and a difficult thing to know one's self—that the heart was deceitful and treacherous—that it was a solemn and momentous affair in which she was about to engage—an important step she was about to take—to have the vows of God upon her—to enter into covenant engagements with the Lord. She warned her against being too hasty; advised her to wait and watch—to examine her heart very carefully—to be sure that a work of grace was wrought in her soul, and that she had the proper evidences of special faith and electing love. She conversed with Mr. and Mrs. Hammet in such a solemn and searching way about experimental religion, that they were perplexed and confounded. Miss Prouty related to them her own religious experience, and the time and manner of her conversion, in strong and glowing language. They could give no such account of their convictions and conversion. They were sensible persons; but their advantages had been small, and their native modesty, connected with their present religious sensibility, made them retiring and reserved in their conversation. Their aunt

meant to do them good ; her desire was to be faithful to their souls ; but she knew not what tender hearts she was probing, nor with what lively consciences she was dealing.

I called to see them not many days after the departure of their aunt, and observed that their spirits were dejected. I called, hoping they would permit me to propound them the next Lord's day. With downcast eyes they told me their doubts and fears, and how they had been awakened. Their courage and confidence were gone. They confessed to me that now they were not sure that they had been born of the Spirit ; that they trembled at the thought of aggravating their sins by presumption and hypocrisy. They told me that, when they felt themselves fit and worthy, they would gladly come forward ; but, for the present, they must deny themselves that great privilege. I blamed not their aunt ; I honored her piety ; yet I could not but regret that she had been there. I endeavoured to remove their doubts, but it did no good. I continued my visits, and my conversation on the subject ; and lent them books to enlighten their consciences and nourish their piety. Month after month I found them undecided, hesitating, and anxious.

The twins were now about three years old. Every day revealed more and more of their beauty and loveliness. They were always prettily clad; and they had not as yet been separated for a single hour. Their parents lived retired, and seldom saw company; and their children were very bashful. It was some time before they had courage to approach me with familiarity; but when I had at length gained their confidence, it was charming to see the warmth of their affections. They had fine feelings, and amiable dispositions. They were never rude in their manners, nor noisy in their mirth. It was a rich feast to me to go to Mr. Hammet's. Many times have I kissed the cheeks of those sweet twins, and with the heart pronounced over them a heavenly benediction; and secretly sighed that such a treasure was not mine.

Here Mr. Loraine's voice altered. He grew suddenly pale, and during the pause he made, I observed that his eyes were filling with tears. I saw that his feelings had taken him by surprise; but he soon recovered his self-possession and went on.

I looked forward to the day when I should baptize these innocent creatures with the fondest solicitude. Yes, *innocent* they seemed, notwithstanding the dark theology I had embraced. And many a time, when I have witnessed their guileless amusements, their love to one another and to all about them; when they have sat on my knees, and delighted me with their childish prattle; when I have seen them sleeping on the same pillow, their faces reminding one of nothing but purity and loveliness; — at such times, the doctrine of total depravity has appeared to me one of the greatest mysteries of the Christian faith. But my rising doubts were silenced by arguments which seemed to me powerful and invincible. Yet I could not repress a feeling of horror, when I considered that these babes were by nature children of wrath; that they were not brought within the covenant by the seal of baptism; and that they might belong to the number of those who are “passed by and left to perish in their sins, unto the praise of the power of God’s wrath and infinite justice in their everlasting punishment.”

From their birth till now, they had never known what sickness was, and had been

strangers to pain and suffering. They were soon after this taken sick, and the doctor pronounced their case dangerous. I was going a journey, to be absent a few days; and on my way out of town, I called in to see them. They lay in the same bed, and side by side; and their parents were sitting by them. "Here is Mr. Loraine come to see you," said their mother. They looked me in the face. Their eyes for a moment resumed their wonted brightness; and they smiled, as they reached out their feverish hands to embrace me. They knew they were very sick. They knew they must soon die; but they knew but little about death; and, indeed, all the living are nearly as ignorant as they were. They were not afraid of death. And why should they have been? For, what painful records were inscribed on the pages of their memory? What burden of guilt had their consciences to bear? But the sadness of their parents gave them a sorrowful look. They put their arms around my neck and kissed me, as I bid them farewell. Oh, I shall remember those affectionate embraces till my dying day! As I rose to depart I stole a hasty glance at them again. They had sunk to sleep, locked in each other's arms.

On my return home I stopped at Mr. Hammet's, doubting if they were still alive. Mr. Hammet met me at the door, and I easily read in his countenance the mournful event. They had expired the evening before. I entered the house ; but how changed was the scene ! The signs of health and sickness had both disappeared, and in their stead were the emblems of sorrow and death. I went into the bed-room, and there they lay, dressed in their grave-clothes. Death had wrought a great change on those fine forms, but they were still beautiful. Mrs. Fleming, a neighbour and friend to Mrs. Hammet, had laid them out in a manner grateful to the feelings of their bereaved parents.

I said they expired the evening before. In truth, Charles died about noon ; so that for a few hours they were separated. When Charles breathed his last, he was removed from Caroline's side. This was a most painful thing to do. She entreated them to let him stay with her. Her mother told her that Charles was dead. "Why, no ! mother," said she, "he is only asleep." "But," said her mother, "he does not stir nor breathe." She could not be persuaded that he would not wake again, till she



perceived that he began to grow cold and stiff. I have thought that twins are bound together by stronger ties and sympathies than other human beings. Caroline now faded very fast, often calling to her brother; and then recollecting herself, she would exclaim, "Oh, he is dead!" and the dear child died, as she was trying to pronounce his name. It was a relief to those who watched by her, when her innocent spirit took its flight to that blissful region where her beloved partner had just gone.

How I regretted that I could not have baptized these children! What had become of their souls? Were they happy? What evidence was there for it? Such questions agitated me then; for my views of the gospel contained but little consolation in such a case. It was Saturday, and the funeral was to be the next day at the church. I went home, and kept in my study till midnight, preparing a discourse for the occasion. They were brought into the church at the commencement of the afternoon service. It was a bright day, and the house was crowded. It gives me pain even now to think how poorly I comforted those mourners. To me there was no certainty that their darlings were happy. Though they

had appeared so lovely and angelic, still they were corrupt — defiled by sin — by nature children of wrath. I thought of the atonement of Christ ; but then Christ died for the elect only, and it was quite doubtful whether these were of the chosen number. They had manifested no change of heart — no faith — no repentance. They were in the hands of a good God. But God is a sovereign, who does what he will with his own ; and has predestined a part to everlasting misery. It is not my way to flatter nor deceive. I exhorted the bereaved parents to submission, and to prepare to meet their God in peace.

After the service the coffin was opened ; and as I descended from the desk, I looked into it ; and so did all that congregation, and many cheeks were bedewed with tears at the affecting sight. Mrs. Hammet endured this trying scene better than I thought she would ; I mean, she appeared to endure it. She was outwardly composed and tearless ; but as she put aside her veil to gaze a last time on these beloved objects, her face was the very image of grief. This was one of the most sorrowful days I had ever spent in the house of God.



Monday morning I went to Mr. Hammet's. Every sign, that there had ever been children in that dwelling, was carefully removed — the cradle — the little chairs — their clothes — their playthings ; there was nothing to remind you that Charles and Caroline Hammet had been there — nothing except the sorrowful looks of their parents. They gave me a kind welcome, and then we all sat in profound silence some time. I began to speak to them of their loss, and then their tears broke forth. They told me they could endure their own loss, great and severe as it was, if they could only feel sure that their children were happy. I told them that they could not be sure of that ; but that they might rest assured that the Judge of all the earth would do right. " But how can it be right," said Mr. Hammet, " to torment a child forever that has never done wrong ? If all fell in Adam, why should only a part rise with Christ ? If all were exposed to the curse, why should not all have access to the blessing ?" I could only answer these questions by saying that they were mysteries which eternity alone could unfold. I besought them to submit to the will of God, and not to provoke his greater displeasure, by questioning his rectitude, or

murmuring at his chastisements. "God will do no wrong to any of his creatures. Charles and Caroline cannot be in hell, unless that doom is consistent with the character of a wise and gracious God ; and they may be now in glory, illumined, and sanctified by the divine Spirit, and washed in redeeming blood. Let us not borrow trouble, nor mourn for that which is out of our power. In the judgment-day we shall know that the sceptre of God's kingdom is a right sceptre, and that there is no unrighteousness in him." Though they became silent and submissive, yet I knew but too well that they were still disconsolate.

Though there is a good understanding between us, yet I seldom exchange with the ministers of the churches around me. Mr. C. used to say that the faithful shepherd would strive to be with his own flock as much as he could ; that he ought to be more useful at home than abroad.

A few Sundays after the death of the twins, a clergyman, from a distant part of the country, happened to be with us on the Sabbath, and I invited him to preach in the afternoon. His sermon was on "the sovereignty of God as displayed in the miseries of the reprobate."

Sir, you have read Dante ; so have I ; — but the views he gave me of the damned touched me not as did this sermon by Mr. Kinley. He described the bottomless pit with an awful minuteness and particularity. Such a description of the torments of the non-elect, it seemed, could have been given by him alone who had himself visited those dark and doleful regions of despair. Many of my people were in affliction, and their hearts were softened. Mr. Kinley, speaking of non-elect children, stated that “ hell was paved with the skulls of infants, not a span long — that devils were tossing them about on pitchforks, from side to side of the gloomy caverns, which continually resounded with groans and shrieks of unutterable anguish.” I sat for some time with my handkerchief over my eyes, not daring to look on my flock. The house was as still as though Mr. Kinley had been there alone. My thoughts were on poor Mrs. Hammet all the time, and her bleeding bosom ; and when he spoke thus of the condition of children in the future world, and was closing the dreadful sentence, I heard an agitating, rustling noise, like that of the wind immediately before a desolating tempest. A horrible sound instantly

succeeded, as though a huge mass of lead had fallen from the ceiling to the floor. I started from my seat, and turned my eye to the place where I thought the noise was. And there Mrs. Hammet was in a fainting fit. For some time it seemed as though she would never come out of it. She was carried out; and many followed her, and I among the rest; and I felt almost glad even to be thus relieved from hearing the remainder of that discourse. It had filled the audience generally either with disgust, or indignation, or grief.

When Mrs. Hammet revived, I saw that she was delirious. She said, with an agonizing voice, "Where are my twins? See! See how those devils are pitching them about!" And then she sunk again into a swoon.

Mr. Kinley left town immediately after meeting, and I was not sorry. It is true there was nothing in the principles out of which the discourse naturally grew, contrary to my own sentiments; but there was now something distressing in the thought that such sentiments were mine.

Mrs. Hammet became more rational and calm in a few days. During that week I saw many of my parishioners, and found them very

much displeased with the sermon they had heard. I had a long conversation with Mr. Fleming. He was Mr. Hammet's nearest neighbour, and felt very deeply for them in their trouble. He said to me, "I did not like that Mr. Kinley." "But," said I, "we must not be offended at the truth." "But I am doubtful," he replied, "whether this is truth. "It is Calvinism," I returned. "Is it Christianity?" he rejoined. I told him that I thought it was; that Calvin's doctrines, which were received in our church, were plainly taught in the gospel. "I have always called myself a Calvinist," continued Mr. Fleming, "but I cannot say I relished all Mr. Kinley's discourse; and I must own that some of the articles of our church never entirely satisfied me." He said he could not see how it was consistent either with the goodness or justice of God, to bring millions of children into the world, and curse them everlastingly for Adam's sin. "My wife and I," added Mr. Fleming, "have been reading the Scriptures very carefully since the death of Mr. Hammet's children; and we begin to doubt whether there is any scriptural authority for believing in the damnation of infants. I wish," said he, "Mr. Loraine, that you would

give the subject a serious examination. If that doctrine is true, it ought to have a 'Thus saith the Lord' to warrant it. If it is false, I am sure that more than one in your society will be glad to know it." I told him, that I knew of no passage in the Bible which revealed to us a "Thus saith the Lord, Hell is paved with the skulls of infants." "But," said Mr. Fleming, "there is a passage which says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' My wife thought the Saviour would never have spoken of their angels as always beholding the face of his Father, nor taken such notice of them as he often did, if that doctrine were true." I told him, if we gave up that doctrine, I saw not how we could hold the doctrine of election. A great proportion of those who are born die in infancy and childhood; and it would be a strange modification of the doctrine, to maintain that all young children, that were cut off by death, belonged to the elect. "I would rather have it so," said Mr. Fleming, "than as it is; and if infant damnation rests upon election, it would not pain me to have that article expunged from our creed, provided always, the Bible sanctions our doing so. I never doubted



the truth of divine Revelation, Mr. Loraine. Whatever that holy volume teaches, I shall endeavour to assent to with humble submission ; believing, as I do, that the day is coming, when all that is dark in the ways of God will be explained, and the divine character perfectly vindicated. I never questioned the doctrine of a future retribution, of happiness to the good, and misery to the bad. I have never read much except the Bible ; but an impression has long been on my mind, and I received it by reading the sacred pages, that neither of these doctrines is a doctrine of the gospel.”

I had, as yet, seldom conversed with my people about the more mysterious points of our faith ; our seasons of social intercourse being more generally occupied with what is experimental and practical. I was somewhat surprised to hear Mr. Fleming express himself as he did. He was a worthy man, and I considered him a pious Christian. I went home and betook myself to my study, resolved to examine again our creed and covenant, to see what there was objectionable in them, and to compare every article critically with the Word of God. For Mr. Fleming informed me that

several were prevented coming forward and joining our church, on account of some things which were stumbling-blocks to them.

I read the gospels through and through, with a view to find and substantiate the doctrines of total depravity, election, and the damnation of infants. I was not a little surprised that the more I read, the less I discovered which seemed to teach those obnoxious doctrines. Then I went through with the Acts of the Apostles, to learn what they preached to the many and numerous congregations that assembled to hear them. I pursued the same course with the Epistles. I had never been but little conversant with children till I commenced my school ; but the knowledge I had since gained of them was in favor of their innocence and docility. It was with much solicitude and frequent prayer that I prosecuted this search, the result of which was (for I fear I shall be tiresome) that I must reject these doctrines, though so many learned and good men had believed them.

It was sickly that year among the children, and I was many times called to administer consolation to bereaved parents. Oran Oakes had lost a bright and promising little child,



only fifteen months old. I attended the funeral on Tuesday, and informed the mourners and others present, that on the next Lord's day I should preach on the future condition of little children. I accordingly prepared a discourse. It was rumored through the town that I was to handle that subject ; and when I went into the pulpit I found a full house. Mr. Fleming and all his family were out. Their pew was right in front of me, and Mr. Fleming's looks told me his expectations. Mrs. Hammet's grief had gradually worn away ; and she this day, for the first time since her fainting fit, appeared in the courts of our God. I can truly say it did my soul good to see her there. Many in that house sympathized with her, and were glad to meet her again. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming had comforted her as I then could not. They read to her, and reasoned and condoled with her, till this drooping plant again lifted up its head.

I took for my text the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of God." In this discourse I endeavoured to show, that the Saviour, who invited children to him while on earth, would not drive them

from him now that he is in heaven ; — that he, who blessed them while living, would not damn them when dead. My audience gazed, and listened with an eagerness and silence that oppressed me. As I read the text, I cast my eye down into Mrs. Hammet's pew. Her eyes met mine ; they were glistening in tears ; and she turned them towards the ground. I saw some weeping that day, who had never shed a tear before in my presence. I had not delivered three pages of my sermon before I discovered that it was making a favorable impression ; and as I proceeded, I read signs of approbation in every part of the house. In closing one head of my discourse, I said, in a low, but distinct and emphatic voice, and looked earnestly and inquiringly on my audience, as I said it ; for I was not confined to my notes on such an occasion ; — “ Think you, that an all-powerful, all-wise, and infinitely good God ; and that a meek, gentle, and compassionate Saviour, as our Immanuel was, — would plunge children into the bottomless pit of destruction, to be bathed in unquenchable fire, and to be hurled and tossed about by demons — children — children as young, as artless, as innocent, and as lovely as were Alfred

Oakes, and Charles and Caroline Hammet ? ” Here I made an inquiring and solemn pause ; glancing my eye rapidly over the motionless congregation, till it rested upon Melvina Stark, a little girl of six years old. The dear creature thought I put the question to her. She rose instinctively from her seat, her bosom heaving with the greatness of her emotion, her eyes swimming and sparkling in tears, and with a trembling, but perfectly audible voice, she said, looking me in the face, as though she would have looked me through — “ Oh, no ! Mr. Loraine ; I don’t think God would do so ; nor the Saviour ! do you, Mr. Loraine ? ” The whole congregation had risen from their seats by an involuntary impulse, and were eagerly looking at the little orator. She sat in the pew back of Mr. Fleming’s. Mr. Fleming acted like one beside himself — he turned himself round — darted his hands over the railing — caught her in his arms, and kissed her with the most passionate fondness. I cannot describe this melting scene — I was overcome by it. Little did I think, when I began my discourse, that I should have occasioned such a powerful excitement. I spoke to the

chorister, and requested him to sing the hymn beginning with these words—

“ See Israel’s gentle Shepherd stand  
 With all-engaging charms;  
 Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.”

But, instead of calming, it seemed to heighten the emotion that pervaded every breast. I could not but remark what a difference it makes whether they who sing feel the power of the words they pronounce, or not. Elvira Stickney performed the solo in a melting manner. The poor girl had buried a little sister only a month or two ago, and she now sang with the heart.

Towards the end of the discourse I informed my hearers that my views respecting total depravity and election were entirely changed; and that I should preach those doctrines no more; that if they were dissatisfied I must leave them; that should they consent to my remaining, we would have those articles erased from our creed. As I passed down the broad aisle, many bowed to me in token of approbation; and when Mr. Fleming came out he made many apologies for his behaviour in church. “But,” said he, “I felt as though I

could not help it. Mr. Loraine, that was the best sermon you ever wrote." Mr. Fleming was a man of influence in the town; and he knew how to exert his influence without giving offence. Mr. Kinley's discourse had wounded and disturbed the feelings of people so much, that at our next church meeting, when the vote was taken about the obnoxious articles, not one objected to their being expunged.

I embraced the first opportunity to call on Mrs. Hammet again. It was a joyful meeting. Sadness and sorrow had passed away; serenity and peace were visible in her countenance. "Oh, Mr. Loraine," said she, "a dreadful weight of affliction has been crushing me to the dust; but the burden is taken off. This heart has been sorely wounded; but it is healed. This bosom has been rent with anguish; but is now at rest. I listened to your discourse last Sunday, with a satisfaction which my tongue cannot express. My tears are dried up; I am comforted. I am unspeakably happy, bereaved as I am. My children are not lost. Though I see them not, I can easily and joyfully believe them alive and encircled in the arms of God's everlasting love. I regret our long delay to make a profession of

religion. If you will propound us next Sabbath, we shall be glad to be known in future as the disciples and followers of Jesus."

I left that dwelling, as I had not done for months, in good spirits. Mrs. Hammet can never know in this world, how many days her sorrows have given me the heart-ache. To find her soul and body in such a prosperous state made my soul exult in the salvation of God. Those lovely departed twins, who were now basking in the sunshine of immortal life and light, had been the means under Providence of bringing me out of the darkness of error.

In the beginning of my ministry, I had made much account of sudden conversions. I looked on my own conversion as sudden, and thought that of others should be equally marked and peculiar. I expected that those, who were truly regenerated, would be able to give a relation of the time and circumstances of their change, though I did not insist upon it. But my views on this subject being known, very few sought admission into the church except such as could give a history of their religious experience. Do not think I have lost all faith in sudden conversions now. I still believe that



many are wrought upon suddenly. I could relate to you many instances that have occurred within the sphere of my own observation. But my views are considerably altered. It is now my opinion that many of the most exemplary Christians have become such silently and gradually ; but I deem their change none the less the work of God's Spirit on that account.

When I took the charge of this parish, the church was small, though the congregation was large. I found that many very worthy persons of both sexes — some of the most useful and influential — were not professors.

Our first communion day I shall never forget. It was a day I had looked forward to with intense anxiety ; and when the day came, I felt that new, solemn, and interesting duties were before me. I then felt the importance of not only having on the wedding-garment, but also of being clothed in the sacred robes of the priesthood. The dawn of that holy morning found me wakeful, and bending at the footstool of divine mercy. I was much in meditation and prayer, imploring the guidance and blessing of that God whose beloved Son's death on the cross I was about to commemorate. I entered the sanctuary with solemn

thoughts of the dignity of my office, and with a deep sense of my own unworthiness.

When the morning service was ended, and the benediction pronounced, the congregation began to retire. With grief I beheld the house almost empty. The singers had all left their seats ; and, saving the little band of communicants, there was only here and there one that tarried to listen or to learn. With an oppressed spirit I administered the holy ordinance, and no hymn was sung at the close. I had thought that respect for me and worldly curiosity would, on this first sacramental occasion, at least, have secured the presence of many more of my flock. But it had been their way to retire, and they adhered to it now.

During the celebration of the Lord's Supper, I observed, in a remote corner of the house, a woman who appeared to be attending not as an idle, but interested spectator. There was something in her looks which encouraged me to hope that she was one of those who are not far from the kingdom of God. In the course of the day I inquired out her name and place of residence. It was Eunice Clark, the only daughter of an elderly man in my parish, whose wife had been dead many years. I had



never visited them, but I soon found an opportunity to call at their house. They were in comfortable circumstances, though not rich. Mr. Clark labored under infirmities which kept him mostly at home, and often helpless. He told me that his daughter was all that a daughter could be to him. I introduced religious conversation. They seemed at first to feel a restraint, and said but little; but ere long they grew familiar and free. From this interview I formed a very favorable opinion of their characters. They appeared to be serious, and religiously inclined. They had never joined a church;—they deemed themselves unworthy; and they knew not that they had ever been regenerated.

I now often made it in my way to stop at Mr. Clark's. He lives on a back road, but little travelled, nearly a mile from the church. It runs through a rich valley of pasturage and meadow-ground, and then winds round a hill thickly covered with wood. There is no house between mine and Mr. Clark's. It is a solitary walk, but I often take it, both to hold converse with nature, and with nature's God. Many of my sermons have been meditated while I was on that lonely way, and

some of my neighbours have called it my study. Often have I sought relief from care and mental toil in this rural retreat. In every season of the year, there is something there to refresh and cheer me. How often have I left my study, perplexed and disquieted, and wandered forth into that wood, and forgotten that I had been sad, or remembered it only to wonder that I could have been so! Mr. Clark's house is just the other side of the hill, and I frequently extended my walk there before my return. They were never so engaged as to render my calls burdensome, and they always gave me a salutation that told me I was with friends. They had but little intercourse with the world; and I seldom saw them from home, except on the Sabbath. When their health would permit, they were always at church. I have, in my early days, been in company that would be called more fashionable and polite; but never, where there was more true gentility and refinement. I had now become intimate with them. They were persons of a good reputation, and there was no evidence wanting of their being pious Christians, but that they were conscious of no sudden nor marked change.

Eunice Clark felt a growing anxiety about her spiritual condition, and that of her father. She had been diligent in the use of all the means of grace with which she was favored, hoping from year to year that God would regard her in mercy, and in his own good time make her a fit subject of his kingdom. But year after year passed away without any dawning of celestial hope, or any droppings of divine mercy. Bating this one thing, namely, her ignorance of the day and mode of her spiritual birth, I could not see why she was not a child of God. She loved to read her Bible, and to pray. She had a deep and abiding sense of her obligations to God, and to the Saviour. She was an active and earnest friend to religion. So was her father.

There were a number more of my flock in a similar situation. There had never been any marked change in them, and there seemed to be no prospect of one. The subject lay heavily on my mind many months. I read much on practical religion; and conversed much with experienced and humble Christians. I was surprised to find a great many excellent Christians who were unable to give any other relation than that of the beggar

in the Gospel, that once they were blind, and now they saw—many eminently pious persons, whose piety had commenced in their childhood, and had “grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength.”

I threw the result of my inquiries into several sermons, which edified and comforted many of my people. I endeavoured to point out to them a better way by which to determine whether they were spiritually born, than by barely telling the time when they received some deep and powerful impression. I showed them that the converting and sanctifying Spirit of God operated differently on different persons—that the important question was not *when*, nor *how*, but whether we were really born again;—and that the proper evidences of a new birth are, a holy and supreme love to God—conformity in heart and life to his will—a moral resemblance to Jesus Christ—a cheerful obedience to his commands. These discourses were blessed to the enlargement of our church. Many good, serious people were now encouraged to come forward, and among the rest, to my great joy, Eunice Clark and her father; and as yet they have adorned a profession of godliness. The number of com-

municants was soon doubled ; and the work of the Lord prospered in my hands.

When I studied divinity, I took it for granted that such men as Calvin, and Henry, and Owen, could not be mistaken ; and supposed that they had only gathered up and arranged the doctrines of the gospel without any mixture of error.

The doctrine of the Trinity was one which had excited in me but little curiosity or attention. I accounted it a great and momentous truth, and an impenetrable mystery. I deemed it true, and knew no reason why I should wish it otherwise.

Mr. C., with whom I studied, was in the habit of offering many of his prayers to Christ, and some of them to the Holy Spirit. I had some devotional books whose authors did the same. I followed such examples myself for several years, not dreaming that there was any thing unwarranted and unscriptural in the practice.

I now felt less confidence in Calvin, and others of his school, than I did formerly. I was satisfied that in some things they were incorrect ; and I now felt more deeply the importance of making the Bible my sole guide.

I studied hard, desirous to know the truth, both for my own benefit and that of my flock.

Our Sunday school opened the way not only to the improvement of my parish, but of myself also. I met with my teachers weekly, and explained the Scriptures to them; and answered, according to my ability, the many questions that were asked me by my pupils. When Rachel Benson became a teacher, she took a lively interest in the teachers' meetings. She always had some passage for me to expound, and when I visited at her house, much of our time was devoted to religious inquiries. I had often pressed upon her the importance of making the Scriptures her guide in faith and conduct.

One day, when we had been long conversing on such subjects, and I had closed with prayer, a shower came up, which protracted my visit till late in the evening. Our conversation turned on prayer; its nature, efficacy, mode, and object. She said, she had sometimes doubted the propriety of praying to the Holy Spirit, though he was the third person in the Godhead. She had been seeking precept and example for such a prayer, and found them not. She said, she thought it strange



we had no authority for the practice in Scripture; and observed that the apostles, as well as Jesus Christ, prayed invariably to the Father. She wished to know my opinion. I was somewhat confused by her question. I had never thought seriously on the subject. Mrs. Benson observed, that in the Old Testament the prayers were all addressed to God; and that in the New Testament our Saviour always prayed to the Father alone, and bid his disciples do the same; "and," said she, "I know of no better guide in prayer, than he whom the Father heareth always, and who is the Light of the world." Mrs. Benson was well acquainted with the Scriptures. I have never found a woman with her advantages, who had so good a knowledge and understanding of them. They had been her study from childhood; and from day to day the theme of her discourse and meditation. I have seen females, who had read scores of volumes to her one; but whose knowledge of all the most important things in the world was foolishness, compared to hers. I readily assented to her remarks, and told her I should give the subject an examination.



I knew there were those who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, and asserted that prayer should be offered to the Father alone. But I had never read any of their writings, and was intimately acquainted with none who embraced that faith. I knew the authors, with whom I was most familiar, denounced Unitarianism as heresy and infidelity; and I had been taught to regard the doctrine with such a horror, that I felt no inclination to embrace nor to investigate it.

The shower abated, and I went home, musing on the question Rachel Benson had put to me. I wished to know the truth, and yet I felt an unwillingness to approach such mysteries, fearing, if I continued my researches, I should make shipwreck of my faith. Still, as a Christian, and a Christian minister, I viewed it as my duty to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." I am sure no worldly motive induced me to test the soundness of my faith. I could expect no earthly gain by renouncing opinions, deemed true so long, and by so many of my fellow Christians. But it might cost me much. It might separate me from my people, and cast me again upon the world. Religion was dear to me. It had

been all the source of my present comfort and joy, as well as future hope.

I sat down in my study to read the sacred volume carefully again — to discover if there was any countenance or encouragement given to pray to the Holy Spirit. Chapter after chapter, and book after book I examined, and found not a word to justify a practice I had pursued for years, and millions beside me. And what astonished me still more was, I found not more than two or three passages, where prayer was evidently directed immediately to the Saviour. I might have known it long ago, but my attention had never been fixed on the subject. No one questioned the propriety of the thing, and I pursued my course without reflection. My faith in the doctrine of the Trinity was not as yet shaken; indeed, it had not yet been examined; but I now came to the conclusion, that all prayer was to be offered exclusively to the Father, and in the name of the Son; since he, who is the Light of the world, and the true and living Way to the Father, had taught thus both by precept and example.

I communicated the result of my inquiries to Mr. Fleming, Mr. Clark, and Mrs. Benson's

family. Mr. Fleming told me that it had been his custom to pray to the Father; that in childhood his mother had taught him the Lord's prayer, and that he had endeavoured to follow that as his pattern. I have an uncle, he continued, who is a churchman; who prays to God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and to the holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three persons and one God; but I never could discover any good authority for such a practice in the Bible, though the Liturgy is thought to be so *scriptural*. "I do not like," said he, "to see people wise above what is written, nor teach for doctrines the commandments of men. The Saviour must have known the proper object to whom prayer should be addressed; and I undertake to say, that neither he nor his apostles have directed us to pray to the Holy Spirit, or to Christ, or to any other being but God alone. I have had my thoughts on this subject," said Mr. Fleming, "for many years, but I never disclosed them before to any out of my family. I wish to make no disturbance in society, nor to be uncharitable to others."

Eunice Clark and her father, Mrs. Benson and Rachel, were also satisfied.

From this time I discontinued offering prayer to Christ and the Holy Spirit ; and no one took any notice of the change. I thought it singular then ; but more careful observation has convinced me, that the great mass of people pay more attention to the earnestness and matter of the prayer, than they do to the object to whom it is offered. They seem to take it for granted that the prayer is addressed to God, without listening to know whether it is in reality.

It is my way to keep nothing back which I consider profitable ; and whatever I regard as truth I am not ashamed nor afraid to declare. I wrote a sermon on prayer, in which I plainly unfolded my views, stating, with great precision, that all prayer was to be offered to the Father alone, and through, or in, the name of the Son, as the glorious Mediator between God and man. My audience was very attentive ; but they seemed to be struck more by my uncommon earnestness, than by any discovered novelty of sentiment. During that week I purposely fell in company with many of my parishioners, that I might know how they approved my discourse. No one hinted that I had advanced any thing offensive or

objectionable ; and Mr. Fleming told me that the people of Dunstan regarded me more for my Christian character and usefulness, than for my speculative notions in theology.

About this time a gentleman from the city came into town to spend the summer for the benefit of his health ; and after much solicitation I consented to take him to board. Why he made choice of this place I know not. He appeared to be an intelligent, well-bred man, and in easy circumstances. He used at first to ride or walk out daily, when it was fair ; but he shunned society, except that he would now and then call at the widow Benson's, and at Mr. Clark's. He treated me with a great deal of politeness, but he was never what I could consider sociable and free. He showed much reverence for religion, was punctual in his attendance on our family devotions, and on public worship ; but I never could get him engaged in any religious conversation. When he was within doors he kept his chamber, and was generally found with a book or pen in his hand. His reserved silence gave me much solicitude. I wished to know more about him ; but he was so cautious and guarded that I found no way open to his mind and heart.

I sometimes supposed that he might be deranged — then, that he had been disappointed in some fondly cherished hope — then, that he was laboring under a religious melancholy. I never saw him gay, or even cheerful. He always looked as though some grievous burden was weighing down his spirit. But what that burden was none could tell. He had brought many books with him, and they were chiefly of a religious character. He was more familiar at Mr. Clark's than at my house. The loneliness of the way to it, its retired situation, and the gentle dispositions of its inmates, all combined to render it a frequent and favorite place of resort to him. He would often spend half the day there, conversing with Mr. Clark and his daughter. He was evidently pleased with their society ; and they felt interested in his welfare. I was glad to observe this growing confidence and attachment, and requested Eunice to discover, if possible, the secret trouble that was preying upon his mind. All her indirect attempts to learn the cause of his sorrow proving fruitless, she, one day, when he had been sitting with her a long time, thus addressed him ; — “ Sir, if you would pardon my boldness, I would ask you one question, and I assure



you, it is prompted, not by an idle curiosity, but by the purest sympathy, and a desire to make you happy. Why are you apparently so dejected?" For a moment the color came into his face, and a tear started from his sunken eye. It was easy to see that he was much agitated. He made no reply, but took his hat, and was departing. Eunice begged his forgiveness for being so rude with him. He seized her hand — kissed it — bade her farewell with a broken voice — and never called there again. He now went abroad but seldom; and at length grew so weak, that at the commencement of autumn he was wholly confined to his chamber. He would consult no physician, nor take any medicine. He now said almost nothing, and would take but little food. It was in vain that I sought to detect his malady, or to comfort him. He would sit whole days in his easy chair by the window, looking intently at yonder mountains. At other times he would walk the room most of the night. Never did I set my eyes on a countenance, on which were so strikingly depicted, melancholy, grief, and despair.

He called me into his chamber one day, and said, "Mr. Loraine, I have not long to



live. When I die, you will bury me decently ; and you will accept the small bequest I have made you in my will, as a mark of my respect and gratitude." I thought it was then a favorable time for me to speak to him about his soul. But as soon as I introduced religion he became silent — turned his eyes from me, and fixed them on a painting of the Crucifixion that hung from the opposite wall of the chamber. "I greatly desire to know, Mr. Hawbry," said I, "if you believe in the Saviour, and have a good hope of eternal life through him?" For a minute or two his emotions seemed to be agonizing ; but he made a desperate struggle, and overcame and suppressed them. "Mr. Loraine," said he, "I commend your curiosity, but I cannot gratify it now. I shall leave some papers in your hands which will give you a better knowledge of me when I am gone. You will say no more to me on this subject while I live." I urged and entreated him, but it was all in vain, and with an anxious mind I bid him good night.

Not long after this, I was, one night, awakened by a groaning in his chamber. I ran to him with a fearful heart. He was in his chair by the table ; his lamp was burning, and a small volume

was open in his hand. His eyes looked dreadfully wild as I opened the door. He grasped my hand, and said, "Farewell, sweet friend! The door of mercy has long been shut, — the gates of hell will soon enclose me forever!" I took the volume from his hand, and was endeavouring to remove him to his bed, when he expired. After he was laid out his countenance was as placid as the sea, when not a breath of wind agitates its surface. It seemed as though cares had never disfigured that face, nor wrung that heart. The volume was "Spiritual Desertions discovered and remedied" — I know not the author's name, as the title-page was gone. We buried him according to his request. There was a great concourse of people at his funeral; and his death made a solemn impression on many minds. There was no relative to follow him to the grave; but still there was a large procession that mourned over him with unfeigned sorrow and sympathy of heart. The next Sabbath I preached all day on "The occasions and remedies of religious melancholy." He left two thousand pounds for the benefit of the poor; and to me he gave one thousand pounds, together with his books. He had a well

selected library ; and to enhance its value to me, it contained many valuable treatises on theology.

I now increased my stock of knowledge daily. In my researches after divine truth I had helps which I had long wanted, but was unable to obtain. I cannot describe the joy I felt in these new advantages, and in the progress I made in theological inquiries. Oh, with what eagerness and pleasure did I read Pool, and Barrow, and Clarke, and Whitby, and Jeremy Taylor, and John Taylor, and Locke, and Sykes, and Sherlock, and Baxter ; and many other authors, eminent for their learning and piety !

I at length got engaged in the doctrine of the Trinity. I had many able treatises in favor of it, but none expressly against it. In looking over an old volume of Babbington, I found a slip of paper which appeared to have been left in it years ago, as a mark, and on it was inscribed this question : — “ Is the doctrine of the Trinity a doctrine of the Bible ? ” The question ran in my head all that day, and many following days. I turned to several systems of divinity to see what the doctrine was — how it was stated, explained, and

defended. I found that not a few of those who were accounted the most learned divines said the least about it, and expressed themselves with much diffidence and hesitation ; and that all acknowledged it to be a mysterious doctrine. I could find the doctrine easily in confessions of faith, in bodies of divinity, and in commentaries ; but the question was, Is it discoverable in the Word of God ? Is it evidently taught in the Bible ? I repaired to that source for light and instruction. I copied out the passages which seemed to favor the doctrine, and also those which were against it. I knew that the word Trinity was not in the Bible, and that there was no particular passage of Scripture which said, “ There are three persons in the Godhead — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost — the same in substance, equal in power and glory.” After patient and prayerful search, how was I astonished, to find nothing in the Old, and nothing in the New Testament, to support this doctrine, which is embraced by nearly all Christendom !

I suspected that my people generally had no very definite notions on this subject ; yet there were some, who, I thought, would probably be dissatisfied and alarmed, if my views

became known. I preached on the unity of God, on the character of Christ, on the office and operation of the Holy Spirit. I stated my views of the Trinity with great plainness, but not in a controversial form. There was not that excitement on the subject then, which there has been since, or it had not agitated us. They listened with candor; and though some did not immediately fall in with my views, yet they were not offended. Some of my old doxologies and ascriptions were now laid aside; and by the aid of Isaac Benson our hymn-book was changed for one more evangelical.

I was much affected by a review of the trials and changes of my faith; and I now resolved to follow and preach Christ more closely and truly than I had done hitherto; and, instead of explaining human creeds to my people, to explain the Scriptures. I read from the Old and New Testament every Sabbath, and endeavoured to give the meaning of whatever I read. My sermons were little more than expositions of the sacred pages with such reflections and exhortations as the passage naturally suggested. I was pleased with this new mode of conducting our religious services, and I had the happiness to find

that my hearers were pleased also ; and I soon had many evidences of their growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. They manifested an increasing attachment to the word and house of God, and a deeper interest in divine truth. They became more intellectual as well as serious in their habits.

Though there had been a gradual increase of my church, yet it was still small compared with my congregation. It grieved me to think that so many were living and dying without making a profession of religion, or complying with the terms of pardon and salvation. As I no longer believed in the doctrine of election, I supposed that grace and mercy were offered to all ; and that all might and should become pious. In the most persuasive and pathetic words I could use, I told them my fears and my wishes. One day in every week, I invited all such as were seriously inclined, to visit me in my study. I diligently sought opportunities to converse with every family and every individual of my flock, and to urge them to repent and turn to God. I felt an anxiety and a boldness I had never felt before ; and the Lord graciously



heard my prayer, and crowned my endeavours with good success. There was a growing attention to religion. The giddy became thoughtful; the indifferent grew concerned; the prayerless learned to pray; many sinners were converted; and the children of God were edified and comforted. Truly, the Lord revived his work among us. It was a refreshing and joyful season to me and to our parish.

I was led to this increased carefulness and exertion for the benefit of my flock, by the hand of affliction. My health for many years had been invariably good; but I was at length attacked with a fever which in a few days brought me to the borders of the grave. But the Lord had mercy on me; and spared my life, and restored my health. During my state of convalescence, kept as I was from my flock and from the sanctuary, I thought much on the dear people of my charge. I looked back on my past ministerial labors, and was humbled by a review of what I had done, and what I had left undone. I resolved, with a deep sense of dependence on God, and with fervent supplications for his divine aid, to be more active and faithful.



Oh, Sir, I can give you no just conceptions of the gratitude I felt, when I again entered my study and resumed my delightful work, and when I was once more able to meet my beloved flock in the house of God. It was a lovely Sabbath in May. I shall not soon forget that holy and joyful morning. It seemed as though all nature was welcoming me back to life and health. The earth was clothed in vernal beauty. The orchards were in full bloom. The hills and meadows were green. The air was fragrant with flowers. The groves were vocal with the songs of birds. How easy a thing it was then to praise God, whose goodness was so manifest in all I beheld, and in all I felt! How could I regard my past sickness as an evil, when I experienced the delights of returning health? As I walked to the church and entered it, how many faces did I see beaming with joy at my presence! Never had I so deeply felt the dignity and the pleasure of my office as I did now. How did I thank and praise the Lord for putting me into the ministry! "Set for the defence of the gospel!" "An ambassador of Christ!" Oh, Sir, I am aware that there are men, and even men

accounting themselves Christians, who consider the clerical profession as low and degrading ; who can see nothing very honorable nor interesting in the work of a gospel minister. I know there are fathers who would think their sons humbled, and sunk in reputation, if they became preachers and pastors. I know there are mothers, who would think their darlings had stooped to a mean condition, and a servile station, if they chose our profession. I envy not the greatness of such persons. I am sure they can know but little of the character of our Saviour, and little of the worth of immortal souls.

As for me, I know of no employment more useful, more interesting, more delightful, and more noble. A faithful minister's life is not a life of idleness and ease. He has labor for the body and the mind. He has many cares and anxieties. But he has sources of satisfaction and comfort, of which men of the world can form no adequate notion. When I am instructing the ignorant in divine truth ; when I am guiding the inquiring into the way of salvation ; when I am giving to the poor lessons of contentment ; when I am exhorting

the sick to patience under their pains, and trust in Providence ; when I am by the bed of the dying, and in the house of mourning, I feel not that my office is low and debasing. When I visit the dwellings of my people ; when their children are about me, or in my arms ; when I meet them all in the holy temple, leading them in their devotions, and breaking to them the bread of life, I envy not those who are in palaces and on thrones. I am a disciple of one, to whose wisdom theirs is but folly. I stand near to one before whom their glory is but shame. I am aiding in a work which employed the Son of God. I am laboring to advance a cause in the progress of which all holy beings rejoice. I am striving with heart and hand to build up a kingdom, spiritual, peaceful, happy, — divinely glorious, and endless in duration.

When Mr. Loraine had finished the last sentence, the family came in, and the rest of the evening was spent in reading the Scriptures, in prayer, and in songs of praise.

The next day, Mr. Loraine continued his relation. He also put into my hands poor

Mr. Hawbry's papers. But I can add nothing more now, except the prayer, that my readers may have the wisdom to fear God, the courage to work righteousness, and the faith and fortitude which shall enable them to overcome the world !

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THE END.

















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